

The COURTSHIP of the CATS.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS dead of night, when, as historians say,
The sisters weird pale Hecate's call obey;
When on the chimney, or along the wall,
The furry tribe are heard to catterwaul;
Tybert, the largest of Grimalkin's race,
In Cloacina's temple took his place,
Where well he knew fair Mopsy did resort,
To her he long in vain had paid his court.
There as he purr'd (tho' understood by few
Except to such as well cat-language knew)
Heyell'd, in hideous catterwauling strains,
His dismal moan—which thus the Muse
explains:

Air---Despairing beside a clear stream.

O Mopsy, for whom ev'ry night
I sit here, and wait all alone,
Forfake not your poor Tybert quite,
But lend a kind ear to his moan:
And while thro' the gutters you range,
Or over the house-tops you stray,
Say, is it, ah! is it not strange,
That you never do crawl down this way!
To please a young kitling like you,
O what shall a tabby cat say?
Is it Blacky alone can subdue
The lily-white Mopsy, I pray?
For you I neglect my employ,
Of catching the mice in the barn;
Unheeded the grain they destroy,
Regardless they eat up the corn.
As once we so lovingly sat,
And together we watch'd all the day,
If it chanc'd that I kill'd a great rat,
My Mopsy had share of the prey;
But now I disconsolate mew,
And make the house ring with my yell,
No Mopsy will answer me now;
So, hard-hearted Mopsy, farewell!

RECITATIVE.

He said—when, thro' the unroof'd dome
he Mopsy saw,
With a huge boar-coat fighting—claw for
claw.
Now to his mistress' succour strait he flies,
And dart's his talons in his rivals eyes,
Who fled, thus vanquished by chance of
war,
And left behind rich spoils of scatter'd fur.
The rescu'd female joyful wags her tail,
And her deliv'rer thus proceeds to hail:

Air---No nymph that trips the verdant plain.

No more shall Tybert brave complain
Of Mopsa's cruelty,
Since he from Pluto's fierce attacks
At length has set me free:
In honour of this great event,
Shall cats and kitlings all,
Within the stately temple, make
One glorious catterwaul.
Then to the goddess of this place,
Each night we'll sacrifice,
And make the vaulted roof resound
With our harmonious cries;
For her, the firstlings of our love
That meet the wat'ry doom,
Shall with these odours intermix,
And rise one rich perfume.
The rest who happily escape
The cruel caticide,
A gilded collar shall adorn,
And silver bell beside:
Then let the cat-call's tuneful sound,
Our nuptial rites proclaim!
Whilst bards in loftiest strains shall sing
Of Tib and Mopsy's fame!